Meekly



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Choice Loetry.

THE BRIGHT DAYS IN FALL.

Tis Faft.

And caim, gold days
Are dreaming in the skies.

With amber light the far woods blaze.
The river level as the dun mead lies.
Her spell Enchantment lays
in glimmering hills—bright bays—
Wide occan-ways—
On all.

Tis calm

he end.

On all.

Tis calm
Before the end.
In mature, as in life,
Tis bright at eventide. I wend
My way thro' woods where gold and crimson bh
frough corridors where endless groups extend;
I sigh to think how soon the strife
Of piping winds shall rend
Each leaf, and end
The charm.

So year
With

Grow caim and bright,
With a resplendent light,
And discipline ends, and want and care:
Tis Autumn in the heart.—The blight
Hangs or the leaf. The atoms prepare,
And soon beyond the light
Lone Winter's night

Tis sweet.

In Winter-days.

To mark warn rifts of light
In hesiges old, when ardent sameets blaze.

The mark warn rifts of light
In hesiges old, when ardent sameets blaze.

The wart crimson seas. "It is a delight
On disappearing says to gaze;
When Spring her robe displays,
To follow through sarm ways.

Where'er she stays

Hay a

Then frost
May drain the streams.
But Spring is in the heart, her form
We see; she lingers in our dreams.
snows may fall, and loud may pipe the storm,
ewinds return after the sequent calm;
heed them little, after Spring's first beams
Have lent the earth their charm;
Then Winter seems
As past.

With life: 'tis not
What we are now that joy imparts,
But the near prospect of our future lot.
In Fall, approaching Winter chills our hearts,
And near Spring days, the bleak storm is forgot.
Like rare fruit by voyagers sought,
Ever from faceign marts
Sweet joys are brought
To us.

At last,
When life is old,
And vanished are its dreams,
Will prespects dark or bright unfold?
Will happy Summers lift their frended pa'ms
In low horizons of fair seas of gold,
Or mystery's voiceless night enfold
T's in its dubious arms,
And leave a cold,
Dead past?

The heart The heart
True joy can know.
Only when Heaven seems near.
And faith sees a horizon dawn and glow
Beyond the scenes that fails and disappear;
Then heavenly hills beyond earth's ranges low
Lift their gold summits fair and clear,
And joy—though earth turns sere.
And falls the snew—
Lingart.

Select Story.

Far away back in the days of early childhood Far away back in the days of early children.

I remember being gazed upon in a curious manner, and hearing the remark, in a suppressed tone, "Poor child—she has a nose!" Whether it waz expected of me to have been born withent this appendage, I couldn't exactly understand; especially as, in looking around upon the circle of my friends and acquaintances, I say that they were all well provided in this respect.

Vague hints and mysterious remarks upon this

Vagne hints and mysterious remarks upon this unfortunate feature threw a sort of shade over my early years, and the first mortification that I ever experienced arose from the same cause.

I was then at the sensitive age of eleven years, and at a child's party, a little boy, whom I had distinguished by calling him up to extricate me and at a child's party, a little doy, whom I had distinguished by calling him up to extricate me from "the well," imprinted a kiss upon one end of my nose, amid the tittering of his companions. A quick, augry finsh shot through me, and from that time forth the unpleasant consciousness that I had indeed "a nose," never last week.

Why a machine for the compression of exten-Why a machine for the compression of extensive noses should not be put into practical operation. I was at a loss to conceive; and that it should one of these days be attempted, I was fully determined. When, therefore, I read Miss Bremer's "Home," it was the disappointing overthrow of a long-cherished plan. I perused the history of Petrea Frank, read the failure of the history of Petrea Frank, read the failure of the history of Petrea Frank, read the failure of the history of Petrea Frank, read the failure of her admirably arranged plan for reducing the size of he nose, and went off and cried myself to

size of h. nose, and went off and cried myself to sleep in a parotysm of despair.

My nose was a never-ending source of amusement to a family of cousins, who gave me no peace of my life. There were five of them, all girls, all handsome, and full of life and spirit. I was very fond of them, and I believe they were of me; but they never restrained their jokes at my expense. Poor things! They were motherless, and if they sometimes lacked the refinement and sensitiveness of those more favored. I was not disposed to be unforgiving.

Uncle Althorpe was a barrister, and his pretty daughters, when they arrived at young ladyhood, were in a fair way of being spoiled with adulation. They were beautiful, those girls—Celestine, the eldest, was a perfect type of southern beauty. Slender, symmetrical, with beautiful dark eyes and moonlight face—a picture to be studied. Then came Anns, who always played "Rowena" in all the tableaux; a tall, grace ful bloude, with an air and manner so distin-

strick, myself, with the akenes which I ore defined blonde, with an air and manner so distinguished, that on entering a room at any assembly, there was always a murmur of "Who is she?" Emma was a piquant little thing, with a look of a ripe peach; her cheeks were so downward, with a rich color glowing through the olive tint.

Matilda was my especial favorite; and I, who have always been an ardent admirer of beauty, would often gaze upon her ma a kind of wistful rapture. Bright, laughing, and lovely, she was seldom ever still for two consecutive moments. I have watched her dip her head in a basin of water, and the rich, dark hair, with a tinge of anburn, would emerge one dripping mass of curls, which she tossed about with the quiet contempt of conscious beauty. Those large, laughing brown eyes were always sparking langhing brown eyes were have ment was the nearest ap-

handed over to an ancient aunt of her father's for a name, was christened by that lady "Hildegarde." Hilly was the baby, a perfect imp of mischief, but with such a way of throwing herfor a name, was christened by that incomplete important of an anne, was christened by that incomplete in the such a way of throwing hermischief, but with such a way of think what a charming person he way resources.

"You can't think what a charming person he way resources.

"You can't think what a charming person he way resources.

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"You can't think what a charming person he way read think the way of those way resources.

"You can't think what a charming person he way read think the way to be way add Anna, confidentially. "We have never seen him; but we hear he has lovely dark eyes, and it he succeeds in getting his property, we are all going to set our caps for him.

Hence it was agreed that if he regained the fold house, he would also come into passession of a lovely wrife; for that any one of my beautiful a lovely wrife; for that any one of my beautiful a lovely wrife; for that any one of my beautiful a lovely wrife; for that any one of my beautiful a lovely wrife; for that any one of my beautiful a lovely wrife; for that any one of

us. I suppose you hadn't the least idea where we had located for the Summer; but you can't think how delightful and romantic it is. I should scarcely be more surprised if Noah's Ark had been discovered and fitted up for us; but that wouldn't be half so charming as to be in the oid mansion. It is said to be hantled, tool had outlived all her fame Ectator Pyots, who had outlived all her fame provided the property of the property of the horse and died lately. A nepher used to live with leer, and people supposed that the place would be his; but they couldn't find any will, and all the connection went to law about it. Of course, nous of them could live in it until it was settled to whom it belonged; so paps has taken it for the Summer, and here we are all! It's the flate incoherent later, and the produced the perplexing noise.

Again and again, as I saughed at poor Matiliokal just like you—she has the funniest nose!"

This is no thankful for out being a coward; and in the midst of these slarms I could have exploit. I can be not only the were very near the window, were continually driven by the wind against the glass, and thus produced the perplexing noise.

Again and again, as I saughed at poor Matiliokal just like you—she has the funniest nose!"

This is not an extract from my pretty consistive and in the midst of these slarms I could have exploit. I can be provided the produced the property in consistive and in the midst of these slarms I could have exploit. I can be provided the property of the midst of these slarms I could have exploit. I was not long in making preparations; and in the midst of these slarms I could have exploit. I was not long in making preparations; and my uncle, when the complex provided the property prevaola and with much currissity to behold the old manison, I is stored with prefer the property prevaola to the deci

My poor nose again! Why couldn't he let it

"The girls are half beside themselves with "The girls are half beside themselves with fear," he continued; "there is a story that the house is haunted; there's a walled up room; a gentleman once shut up his daughter there for loving a young officer; and she walks about at night, and all that! Have I frightened you!" "Not in the least, sir; I don't believe in

"That's a sensible girl!" said my uncle, emphatically; and he seemed to be considering this, for he said very little more during the jour-

ney.

I kept an eager look out for a glimpse of the house; but it was nearly night when we arrived at the station, and then my uncle's carriage couter the station, and then my uncle's carriage couter the station. veyed as to Pinchurst, a distance of two or three

The carriage stopped at an ancient gateway, and the first sight of the place filled me with ecstacy. The house was entirely out of sight, hidden by the trees, and as we approached it through a noble avenue, I gloried in the dense ment around us. Once in the avenue, we d shut in from the world; and the broad walks, the sloping lawn, and the aristocratic silence, were exactly to my taste. I had a pas-sion for mystery, and my nucle's Summer resi-

dence was exceedingly mysterious.

There was the house, and on the broad steps stood the five Graces waiting to receive us. On, that grand old hall! It dot my heart good to see it! Everything was lofty and spacious, and as the old-fashioned furniture had been left undisturbed, the room presented a perfect proture. disturbed, the room presented a perfect picture of a century ago, and claw feet, lions' heads, and all serts of queer designs started upon me from all directions. But my live cousins would not allow me much time for a quiet survey.

"Why, Becky!" exclaimed Matilda, after regarding me with considerable astonishment,

you've really grown pretty."
"So you have!" chimed in Hilly; "I declare,

MYNOSE;

OR.—
The Mysterious Manner in Which Pyott

Denmore Recovered the Lost Will

your nose hardly shows at all."
This was not meant to imply that the organ in question was too small to be seed, but only that the monstrosity of it was not quite so prominent as it had hitherto been.

I like to have

I had rather a decent mouth.

"What have you been doing to make your eyes so bright?" asked Annie, by way of adding Well!" exclaimed Emma, "you've left me nothing to say; but I prophesy that Beeky will

nothing to say; but I prophesy that Becky will cut us all out yet."

I was beginning to feel extremely foolish, when Uncle Althorpe turned me gravely round, and surveying me from head to foot, remarked, "Stature average height; figure good, neither fat nor lean; hoir very passable; eyes fine, a straight-forward, homest look in them; nose, but that's a prohibited subject; mouth just what a mouth should be; chin very pretty. I love to see a pretty chin; complexion delicate, yet healthy; expression modest, but sensible. You will do."

"Do what !" I inquired. "That remains to be seen," said Uncle Al-thorne—and he vanished to read his paper, and was heard no more that evening. We girls sat and talked until twelve; by that

time I had become pretty well acquainted with the history of Pinchurst.

It had belonged to the Pyott family from time immemorial; and a prond and aristocratic family they were, who had always been considered the very cream of society. But the family had all died out, with the exception of an elderly maiden lady, who fived there alone in her grand-enr, until she adopted a nephew, the only child of a sister, who had made what the world calls a

The Miss Eleanor Pyort was the talk of all the The Miss Eleanor Pyort was in the something country around, and every one had something to say about her stately bearing, which they pronounced exactly that of an old dowager Duchnounced exactly that of an old dowager Duchnounced exactly her heart seemed twined nonneed exactly that of an old dowager Duchess. Every fibre of her heart seemed twined about the old pace, and she refused to have the slightest alteration or improvement made in it. The Pyotts for generations had dined in that dining room, slept in those chambers, and held courtly receptions in those drawing-rooms; and as one generation of Pyotts went out and anoth er came in, they followed tenacionsly in all the ways of their ancestors.

er came in, they followed tenaciously in all the ways of their ancestors.

I was specifly shown the portrait of Miss Eleanor; a very grand old hady, indeed, with a long, sharp nose, delicate complexion, and hair done up in old-fashioned puffs. I was rather struck, myself, with the likeness which I bore to the portrait; but I would not acknowledge

water, and the rich, dark hair, with a tinge of anburn, would emerge one dripping mass of curls, which she tossed about with the quiet contempt of conscious beauty. Those large, laughing brown eyes were always sparkling with merriment; her month was the nearest approach to a ripe cherry that I have ever yet seen, and her nose was just sufficiently retrousse to give an expression of archives to the face. Add to this the exquisitely fair complexion that accompanies anburn hair—pale, except when should be gathered to her fathers; and how, in his matured manhood, when he could fully appreciate the value of the bequest, he was turned away as one who had no right there, merely because she, whose heart was set on installing him as master of the old house, had neglected to commit her of the old house, had neglected to commit her of the old house. It was very hard, I thought; and in spite of Uncle Althorpe's learned arguments, I persisted in denomicing the injustice of the law.

Fortunately, however, for her nephew, Miss

the law.
Fortunately, however, for her nephew. Miss

discovered that the branches of the trees, which dwere very near the window, were continually driven by the wind against the glass, and thus produced the perplexing noise.

Again and again, as I laughed at poor Matilda, was I thankful for not being a coward; and in the midst of these alarms I could have explored the whole house alone with perfect screnity.

I enjoyed life at Pineburst, although the girls pronounced it dull; and, so emanatured was I enjoyed life at Pineburst, although the girls pronounced it dull; and so emanatured was I with the place, that in consequence of this and my resemblance to the portrait, it became quite a standing joke with my consins, to call me Miss Eleanor Pyott. Now, this was not agreeable; I was very sensitive respecting my nose, and Miss Eleanor's certainly was a little larger than mine. When, therefore, they urged me to don some old bonnet that had been discovered at the top of the house, and arrange my hair in puffs, I declined affording them this gratification. for which they teased me daily.

The walled-up chamber, which was regarded with a mixture of horror and enriosity, was also mon pointed out to me. It was in a sort of wing that joined on at the extreme end of the mansion, and looked out upon the densest part of the grounds. Being in the second story, a low of the grounds. Being in the second story, a low of the proposed and exploration of the haunted apartment; but this Uncle Althorpe decidedly opposed, alleging that as he was nowly a temporaryt eneut, he had no right to penetrate into these carefully-guarded recesses.

One day my cousins had been more than manible agreemating noon that some of the papa," said my cousin Celestine, "are we to obtain a sight of this hero and glost seer, before we vacate his earners?" I not have a construction. "I not have the server we we to obtain a sight of this hero and glost seer, before we vacate his earners?" I pretended to be absorbed in a book; but I could see that my clear-headed uncle was observed in a could see that my clear

One day my consins had been more than usually aggravating upon the subject of my resemblance to Miss Eleanor Pyott, and I retired rest at night in no very pleasant frame of

Matilda was soon asleep, but I lay awake, thinking of the former occupants of the mansion, and wondered if Pyott Denuore would ever be restored to what I considered his rightful posi-

tion.

I was restiess; and finally I rose from the bed, and lighting a caudle, proceeded to view Miss Eleanor's portrait. The more I looked, the more I became convinced that I did look like it; and the desire came over me to attire myself in the ancient dress, and then compare noses. Hilly had caught a glimpse of some old-fashioned things in the back part of a deep closet, and thinker I accordingly required. A faded dress ed things in the back part of a deep closet, and thither I accordingly repaired. A faded dress of stiff brocade, that had evidently seen long service, soon replaced my white wrapper, and having rolled my hair into puffs, a la Miss Eleanor, I donned a green cateche, and almost trembled at my reflection in the glass.

I looked at the portrait again, to be sure that it was really I, and not the old lady stepped from her frame; and then unhesitatingly directing my steps towards the walled-up room, I determined to see if it were possible to effect an entrance there.

entrance there.

entrance there.

It was a ridiculous expedition; but I walked gravely on through the silent passage, until I came to a little entry that opened into a closet. Carefully guarding my candle, I peered around in search of some outlet, for I knew that this closet was at the end of the house near the mysterian shamker. terious chamber.

and drawing forth a roll of paper, I grasped it thoughts of the departed. It was decidedly untightly for future investigation. My candle was not brilliant enough, or I should before have discovered a sort of board window at the end of the class. This was sented by heads that

My consin still slept; and divesting myself of my masquerading attre. I sat down and pondered over my singular adventure. As I had told my ancle I did not believe in ghosts, and the gentleman whom I encountered had given full evidence of being a living man, I fully believed it to be Pyott Demoore; though how he came there, and for what reason, I could not tell. I had evidently impressed him with the conviction that he had been visited by his Aunt Eleanor; and with a sort of mischievous glee, and a little inward trembling. I retired to bed, wondering what would come of it.

I half feared to go to the breakfast table; but nothing was said of the performance of the night before; Uncle Althorpe looked perfectly unconscious of the scene that had been enacted, and I began to breathe freely.

My consins teased me during the day for being so anusually silent; but my thoughts were

"Denuore's story," continued my uncle, "began with an apology. It seems that the walled-up room is not walled up at all, but only boarded, and to one acquainted with the locality it is very easy to effect an entrance, unperceived, from the outside. Knowing, he says, that it would not interfere with the arrangements of the family, he has been accustomed to spend hours in what is called the haunted room; and there he loved to sit, thinking of the past, and devising means to prove his lawful claim to the beloved house. Last night he discovered, in an ancient secretary, some old letters written by his mother to his aunt, before he was born; and losing all thoughts of the present, he had been reading them for at least an hour, when sudden-

"No, sir." I replied abruptly, without a moment's reflection.

"What!" exclaimed my uncle; "have the girls then infected you with their ridiculous fears! Where is all your boasted courage!"

I pretended to be absorbed in a book; but I could see that my clear-headed uncle was observing me closely through his spectacles.

"Well, papa," said my cousin Celestine, "are we to obtain a sight of this hero and ghost seer, before we vacate his establishment!"

"If nothing happens to prevent it," replied

"If nothing happens to prevent it," replied by nocle, "we shall be favored with his compa-

"If nothing happens to prevent it," replied my uncle, "we shall be favored with his company to-morrow evening."

"To morrow evening." Such a state of excitement! All the next day, my five consins were discussing the respective merits of various had dresses; and one might have supposed from their conversation, that, instead of spoiled beauties, they were unattractive girls, who had never had a beau in their lives.

Hilly, who was but sixteen, was gravely advised by her elder sisters to be sweet sumplicity in white muslin, with a sash tied behind; to which the damsel retorted by declaring that I ought to present myself before Mr. Denmore dressed as Miss Ellen Pyott. This took place at the breakfast table.

the breakfast table.

"Why f" asked my uncle, sharply. "Does Becky bear so close a resemblance to Miss Elea-

nor, when dressed in her clothes.

"So they chose to imagine," was my reply.

"Then, they have had no means of proving their supposition?" their supposition f"
"Not the slightest," said I, as unconcernedly

as possible. uncle Althorpe gave me another penetrating look, and then departed for the day.

In the evening came Mr. Denmore, and one glauce satisfied me, I had seen that face before.

glauce satisfied me, I had seen that face before.

My beautiful consins were presented to him in succession, and I brought up the rear. I saw his look of admiration, as his eyes turned from one face to another; but when they fell upon me, he started visibly, and I trembled so that I could scarcely stand.

Uncle Althorpe was watching, us; and as he said, "My niece, Miss Entwick," Mr. Denmore bowed low, and his voice had a faltering tone of

The narrowness of my quarters caused a rat- bowed low, and his voice had a faltering tone of

sy not brilliant enough, or I should before have discovered a sort of board window at the end of the closet. This was secured by books, that were noiselessly unfastened, and then I found myself in a small room, from the further end of which seemed to proceed a light.

I was staggered, and my first impulse was to turn back; but resolving to inquire into the came of this strange phenomenon, I proceeded tremblingly forward. I could not have told what I expected to see, but I certainly was not prepared for the sight that met my eyes.

The room into which I entered led to a larger one, and in this, seated by a table, was a gentleman, completely absorbed in the perusal of some old yellow letters. His face were an expression of sadness as he sat there; but I could see that he was very distinguished-looking, and quite young.

The situation in which I found myself was extremely embarrassing—alone there, at midnight; but instead of retracing my steps, I stood speil-bound, staring at the occupant of the mysicitions to on.

Presently he turned, and saw me. His face grew white, as he exclaimed, in a husky voice:

"Am I dreaming! Mere full Heaven! that uses?"

This unprovoked attack upon my much-injured feature quite exasp-rated me, and without stopping to consider what I did, I threw the paper in my hand at the speaker, and glided back to my closet. I thought that I heard a heavy fall; but now thoroughly alarmed at my own improdence, I hastened, breathless and poudered over my eingular adventure. As I had told wer acuted that he had been a controlled back over my eingular adventure. As I had told wer acuted thin to believe in ghasts, and the

began to breathe freely.

My consins tensed me during the day for being so unusually silent; but my thoughts were wandering off to the melancholly-looking gentleman, and I wondered what had become of him. It would not do to trust the girls with my secret; for they would laugh at me, and declare that I had been dreaming, and that I was, after all, as great a coward as themselves.

I stole off to the thicket that was immediately under the locarded window, but all looked dark self if I had not image.

Again, after gazing at me for a time, he increased if I ever walked in my sleep; and on my replying with an astonished negative, he looked disappointed. I began to think Mr Denmore a little out of his mind, and avoided him as much as possible. But one granted, and a wondered window, whither I had a habit of staying of late, Mr. Denmore suddenly appeared beside me.

"Have you ever visited the haunted room for head a most penetrating gaze.

"No," I replied, without thinking; "the increase of the mind, and avoided him as much as possible. But one granted if I ever walked in my sleep; and on my replying with an astonished negative, he looked disappointed. I began to think Mr Denmore a little out of his mind, and avoided him as much as possible. But one granted if I ever walked in my sleep; and on my replying with an astonished negative, he looked disappointed. I began to think Mr Denmore a little out of his mind, and avoided him as much as possible. But one granted if I ever walked in my sleep; and on my replying with an astonished negative, he looked disappointed. I began to think Mr Denmore a little out of his mind, and avoided him as much as possible. But one granted if I ever walked in my sleep; and on my replying with an astonished negative, he looked disappointed. I began to think Mr Denmore a little out of his mind, and avoided him as much as possible. But one granted if I ever walked in my sleep; and on my replying with an astonished negative, be looked disappointed. I began to think Mr Denmore a little out of hi

under the locarded window; but all looked dark and deserted as before, and I almost asked myself if I had not imagined the whole affair.

Uncle Althorpe went to town every morning, and returned every night; and always, on his appearance, he was besieged with a host of questions respecting Pyott Denmore's case. The usual reply was that it was standing still; as everything in law always is; but ou the even-ing anceseding my promenade, he made his appearance.

"You have already flone me an inestimable favor," he began; "but I have still another to ask."

I now thought myself conceited, and tried to remember my nose; but I could not help imagining what he meant from his manner.

"Robecca," he whinpered, "will you promise to brighten, with your presence, the old mansion you have been the means of restoring?"

A BOOK is now in press which is to show that George Washington was a descendant of Danish pirates.

"I thought," I replied, in confusion, "that

Hilly—"
"Miss Hildegarde is a very pretty child," said
he, "and I have had most delightful conversations with her, of which you were the subject."
"I!" I exclaimed, in unfeigned astorishment.
"Yes, you," he replied, pressing the hand of
which he had somehow contrived to possess himself. "I loved you," he continued, the first time
I saw you, for your resemblance to one who has
heen to me more than a mother, and through been to me more than a mother, and through been to me more than a mother, and through your little consin I have become better acquaint-ed with you than you imagine. All 'hat she told me confirmed my first impression; and the discovery of your 'masquerading folly,' to use your own words, has filled me with the deepest gratitude. But you have not answered my ques-

What followed is of no consequence to any one but myself; suffice it to say, that in proper time my uncels and comsine were duly informed; but they perversely refused to be astonished. They all declared that they had had a presontiment of this from the beginning, and Uncle Althorpe mischievously asked if he had not prophesied that I would "do!"

When Mit. Denmore followed me home, to be inspected by those more near and dear to me, he passed the ordeal with credit; and no very long time clapsed ere I was installed mistress of the old mansion.

Strange to relate, none of my five heaptiful.

old mansion.

Strange to relate, none of my five beautiful consins have ever married, while I have gained a prize which I believe any one of them would willingly have appropriated. I do not regret my masquerade, and I have become reconciled to my nose; for I believe that had it been at all different, I should never have found my husband.

Miscellang.

FAR APART.

Beneath the quaint old bridge, you hear The waves make music as they pass: And, winding to the elm-tree near. You see the pathway through the grass, Where we were wont to walk, alas?

The river wanders, as of eld, Beneath the shade of willow trees The sunlit waters gleam like gold, And ripple to the gentle breeze; But I am far from thee and those!

The sky bends over, broad and blue. And in the soft and mellow light, You tread the lane our footsteps knew, In former days, when heurs were bright. Do these days bring such sweet delight!

And still that lane with grass is green; With fragrant flowers the banks are fair. In golden gloss and silver sheen. The bees still hand the balmy air; But you will fall to find me there.

Again, perchance, I may not see The rustling rows of willow treek (Which lent a leafy canopy. When we strolled underneath at ease); For I am far from thee and these.

Our joys forsake us. Soon does Spring Pass by us, and for Summer call; Soon do the birds lose heart to sing. When fading leaves in Auronn fell; And Winter is the end of all.

NASBY'S LAST APPEAL.

He Yells to the Dimorrats ez One in Agos; One Long, Agonizin, Lingria Yell. Nasby publishes in the Toledo Blade his last appeal to the Democrats. He is undoubtedly

Preparing for a "wale":
Dimocrats! I make one, a last appeal to you-

North, and when he went out, every Dimerat in the country retired to private life, so fir ez the Fedrel offisse wiz conserned. Troo, we hed a Dimeratic administrashin in the South, doorin the yeers from 1861 to 1865, the offises my which was filled by Dimecrats, but es they was paid off in confedrit scrip, it didn't do em muca good. They hed the honor, but wat is honor? Will honor buy sox? Will it pay Bascom? Think, feller-Dimecrats, ny wat we hey gone

er. When I hev passed throe the silent tomb, and an a angel with wings, a commisin ez postmaster won't do me eny good. When I shell go, ther will be no likker. I want it now, while I am within reach us Baccom's, and kin make the emolaments us sum youse. And ez I am, so is all my freuds. Wat we want we want now, and

must hev.

A commisha that shood come to me after I am ded, and hev lost the power to absorb, wood be

holler mockery.

In view uv our wants and nesessities, I im-Rally agin hard money in the West. Rally agin soft money in the East. Rally agin the offishils uv a corrupt adminis-

Rally agin distroyin Radikals who hev ben in power till they are ez fat ez we are lean.

Rally agin the military power wich prevents us from killin niggers jest ez we pleeze.

Rally agin the continuishun nv nigger sooin the South. Raily agin the nigger suffrage in the North-Raily agin the niggers in a mass in the South. Raily agin the individgle niggers in the North. Raily agin the very tipe uv niggers in lokalities wher ther ain't none.

Rally agin nigger men wich may be fathers uv Rally agin nigger women wich may be moths ny more niggers. Rally agin nigger children wich will make us

shudder when they grow up.
Raily agin nigger in the concreet.
Raily agin nigger in the abstract. Raily age and post offices. One more push, and victry is ours.

P. S.-I forget to say that we might ex well rally for reform. Why Hayes Went Into the War.

In April Samter fell, and Lincoln's call for troops came, and with it came an end of all the-ories, all speculations beyond the question of the hour. At Cincinnati, as throughout the whole North, a wild outburst of the instantly embattled

appearance, assual reply was that it was standing still; as everything in law always is; but on the evening anceceding my promenade, he made his appearance with a countenance that was a perfect active of notes of exclamation.

"What is it, papa?" was demanded in five different keys; but an unaccountable trembling seized me, and I remained silent.

"The strangest story I ever listened to?" said my uncle, at length, in a solemn manner. "I smooth of the strangest story I ever listened to?" will, how could I know you were there?" I replied, with some spirit, for I was quite provided at this absurdity.

"Time," he replied, with some spirit, for I was quite provided at the story."

"Something very like it," was the reply, in a his him.

"Demonr's story," continued my uncle, "beneved, and to one sequanted with the locality it is flike; up room is not walled up at all, but only boarded, and to one sequanted with the locality it is flike; very easy to effect an entrance, 'mperceived, very easy to effect an entrance, 'mperceived

| From the Tolodo Blade | THE NASBY LETTERS

He Brings the News from Indiana to the Cor-ners-The Effect upon the Democracy of That Village.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS, WICH IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKY, Oct. 13, 1876.

Oct. 13, 1876.

The Corners is itself agin! The moze from Injeany fell onto us like a seethin bam, and diffused sich peece and satisfackshen ez we hevn't experienced sence the intelligence uv the first Ball

or, and clean-shirtid aristocrisy hez been rebook-ed! The outposts uv the enemy hez bin kerried;

Think uv it! Bloo-Janes Willyums is Guvern-

averige three times apeces; and each aven, with the help uv some pugilistic Reformers that Tilden sent on direct to help me, kep at least three Republikins each from votin. And the whole uv it didn't cost the Noo Yark Reform Buro more than \$1,000! Kin noy Reformer show a better record than that? Ther waz a ovashun better record than that! Ther waz a ovashan when I returned with my Reformers. The Corners borrered all the mules from the entire naberhood, and come over to the stashen at Secshunville, to take us home. The cavaleade waz met jist out uv the village by a perceshin, the site uv wich gladdened my hart. Capt. McPelter appeared on hossback in his Confedrit yooniform, Deckin Pogram kerried the ritle wich he yoosed to bushwhack Fedrel pikkets with, and the rank and file uv the Dimogray appeared in the Con-

and file uv the Dimocrisy appeared in the Confedrit gray wich they laid orf when Richmond fell, and the triumf uv the Suthern coz waz post-Deekin Pogram feil on Capt. McPelter's neck, and wept profosely.
"Injectory's Dimekratic?" sobbed the old saint.
"That elex Tilden, and I shel lick a nigger once

"Lack niggers!" wuz the Captain's reply; "the The one he bez won't be uv much voose to him." Arrivin at Bascom's, that grate man put a noo bar'l on tap, and remarked that, now that a solid South hed some show uv regainin her rites, to charge for bkker wood be a holler mockery. And, with teers a streemin down his cheeks—

they waz teers uv joy-he sed:
"Feller-citizens, to the coz uv Reform I devote this barl. Likker is free to-nite." We organized a meetin, uv coarse, that we

mite arrange for respin in the froots av the vic-try we hed won in Injeany.

We ishood a proclamashen to the carpit-baggers in the County, that we shood not yoose vio-lence to rid ourselves uv em, ef it waz possible to avoid it; but we give em notis that we wood neether buy uv em, sell to em, or employ em in any possible way. We give em notis, also, that votin for Hayes constituted a carpit-bagger, and in the interest av peece we shood promptly shoot every one wich perposed to wantonly outrage as by perposin to do sich a thing. Peece we must hev, cf we hev to kill every carpet-bagger and nigger in the country to git it.

We warned the niggers that, while we desired to live in harmony with least here we are collected.

Dimocrats! I make one, a last appeal to you one long, agonizin, lingrin appeal. I yell to you ez one in agony—cz one bardened with a grate dred, and oppressed by a grate feer.

We must carry this elecshau. Ther ain't any ifs or ands about it—we MUST. Bookanne was must resoom ther normal condishens or take the

> to carry out ther nosheus. The nigger batcher, at the north end, waz ordered to leeve in teu wuz confisticated, and his house fore down. Two witz confisiteaten, and his house fore down. Two
> nigger plasters got away, but ther houses witz
> guttid; and we wood hev gone throo Pollock,
> only he and Joe Bigler put up the shutters, in
> the most cowardly manner, ez seon ez our peeple
> sallied out, and hid behind em with Henry rides
> and sich, and defied us. Ther never kin be peece

Think, felier-Dimecrats, uv wat we hev gone thros. Linkin four yeers, and Grant eight! Eight and four are 4welve, and that twelve wood hev been sixteen, hed not Providence, takin pity onto as, removed the goriller, Linkin, and give us A. Johnson for four yeers. But doorin Jonson's time we wuz only parshelly blest. He wazn't electid by us, and it took him neerly haff his term to git down to us, and then we hed to compees with a lot uv renegade Republikins wich follered him.

Most uv us wich went out uv offis wen Book annou retired, hev growed oid, and are haugin on the verge uv eteruity. Whisky and time hez dun its perfeck work on me, and ef I am ever to have a offis, it can't be delayed very much longer. he can't stand. We raised the clame to \$10,000, wich will leeve him enull to take keer uv hisself in his old age, wich he will need, ez I shel prob-

ly board with him.

Capt. M'Peter hed his clame in for \$5.000, wich we raised to \$15.000; Isaaker Gavitt's war put up from \$8,000 to \$20,000, and so on around. The Corners aione her clames, now reddy for bein artid on, to the amount av \$345,000 wich war the result av Fedral occupancy av this seekshan for jest two days. We feel that Kentucky made a grate mistake in not secredin, for ef we hed gone out reglerly, and hed troops on our soil a month, we could have put in bills for ten times the amount. We envy Georgy and them States. But \$345,000 isn't bad. After makin all the diveys with the lobby, and with the members, we shell hev \$100,000 left, which is better than nothin. I hev made a akkerit calkelashou, and not that that amount will jest pay off wat the Corners owes Bascom, and give us a fresh start. Wat we owe Pollock, we kin pay by killin him. Bascom hez notified all wich owes him to git a clame in readinis, and to assine it to him to wunst.

Ez soon ez it woz a fixed fact that we hed kerried Injeany, I hot a set uv interest tables, so ez to compute interest akkeritly, and without trubble. We shel date all the clames for this seekshun from the time John Morgan swept throothe valley, with some Foderal troops behind him, and I nev desided to compound every thirty days. I may git it up to a haff million, but I think the figger I statid will about kiver it. The alaerity with wich they come in sence elecksnun astonishes me.

alacrity with wich they come in sence elecksnun

astonishes me.
It spred like wild-fire. Men from forty miles

It spred like wild-fire. Men from forty miles away war in with ther clames for me to git into shape, and the front uv Baseom's, from that day to this, looks like a Confedrit war meetin. It is a privilege now to be a Kentuckian, and to hev a war clame. With Tilden's eleckshun, a new era dawns on our beloved State.

Our anxiety for the eleckshun uv Tilden kin be appreshiatid. To defect Tilden and to throw out our clames, wood be to rooin Bascom, and to plunge the Corners into a State uv finanshel distress sich ex we hev never seen before.

The payment uv our war-clames will wipe off our indetesinis to Bascom, and leeve us anthin to deposit with him on akkount; and, releeved uv Fedrel interference, we kin redoose the nigger to his normal condishic ex soon ex we choose, and wanst more enjoy cheep laber. Between the two and the post-offs, I shel hev enuff to keep me fill deth removes me from my speer uv yoosefulnis, deth removes me from my speer nv yoosefulnis, and senis me wher pollytix won't bother me, and wher likker is openessary. My sky is britenin.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, Reformer.

----An impecunious but ingenious tramp has left the colored populatin of Georgetown, Texas, poor in pocket and sore in body, by initiating them at two dollars and a half a head, into, "a lodge of Free Massia." The principal part of the cere-mony, next to paying the fee, consisted in tying the candidate on a table, face downward, and randing him with a hot poker.

THEY say that Prof. Wise, the ballo clares that lightning roce are of no more account than so many fishing poles set up in the chimney-corner. Should this become generally known, when the resurrection-day comes, Benjamin Franklin is likely to be mobbed.

DANBURY News: People who put up their heavy lothes in camphor last spring will be somewhat stounded to learn that the end of the world is redicted for the 20th of this month.

PARING APPLES

Out underneath the apple-tree,
A bonny maiden sat.
And by her side, in drower state,
Reposed the old gray cat:
The sky above, the field below.
The little maiden sitting there.
The golden curls and soft blue eyes,
All formed a picture sweet and fair.

And in her lap a dish she held
Of fruit—a tempting sight—
And in a cheery voice she sang:
"These must be pared ere night;
But mother's gone, and I'm alone,
And now I'll try my luck, and see
If brown-eved Roblin—whom I love—
Has really given his heart to me.

"For I've aften heard, if I should pare An apple whole and sound. Without a break, in one long strip, 'yad cast it on the ground. That, falling, it would twine and take. The first initial of his name, Who some fine day—if it is true— Will surely come my hand to claim."

Then, quick as thought the deed was done.
And, lying at her feet.
The ruddy skin, with joy she saw.
Had formed an R complete.
She clasped her hands in childish gloe.
And gated on the distant green.
And softly murmured to herself.
"Now, Robin is my own, I ween."

But why do sudden blushes rise, And mantle check and brow! And see the snowy, dimpled hand— Why does it tremble so! A step she hears, a manly form She knows is close behind her chair, And looking up with sky-ldne eyes, She sees her lover standing there. He lightly laughs, and taps her checks:
"Yes, little lassie mine,
The apple skin has told thee true.
For Robin's heart is thine."
And now, neglected in their dish,
Repose the apples, red and gold,
While in the Summer afternoon.

The old, sweet tale once more is told. A RELIC OF THE WAR.

How the Pope Recognized the Southern Con-federacy—His Letter to Jeff Davis. WASHINGTON, Aug. 16, 1876. Among the records of the rebel government which were captured, or taken possession of as abandoned, after the fail of Richmond and the anamoner, after the int of Accimona and the surrender of Lee, was a large folio sheet of white heavy paper, which had been folded as a letter, and it bore in boldly written letters the follow-

ILLUSTRI ET HONORABILI PIRO JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDI FORDERATARUN AMERICA REGI RICHMOND.

The sheet was perhaps an inch wider and longer than ordinary foolscap. Two pages were closely written over from top to bottom, in very large, perpendicularly-formed letters. The language written over from top to bottom, in very large, perpendicularly-formed letters. The language used was Latin, and the signature, in a different hand from the body of the letter, was that of Pope Pius IX. The letter is accompanied by another to Mr. Davis from A. Dudley Mann, who transmits the formidable Latin document, which is nothing less than a recognition of the Government of the Confederate States. Mr. Mann was slightly mistaken in his prophecy that it would "grace the Executive office of the Confederacy in all coming time." It found its way very shortly to another executive office, and it may, when sufficiently enlightened by other documents referred to, and the testimony of living men, become sufficiently important to find mention in the pages of the true history of the rebellion, herafter to be written.

The following is the glowing letter of transla-

The following is the glowing letter of transla-tion written by Mr. Manu. A. Dudley Mann was formerly an assistant Secretary of State of the

"BRUSSELS, May 9, 1864. "MR. PRESIDENT :- Herewith I have the ho "Ma. President:—Herewith I have the honor to transmit the letter which His Holiness, Pope Pins IX., addressed to your Excellency on the 3d of September last. Mr. W. Jefferson Buchanan has obligingly undertaken its conveyance, and will deliver it in person.

"This letter will grace the archives of the Excentive office in all coming time. It will live, too, forever in story as the production of the first potentate who formally recognized your official position, and accorded to one of the diplomatic representatives of the Confederate States an andience in an established court palace, like that of St. James or the Tuileries.

"I have the honor to be, with most distinguished consideration, your Excellency's obedieut ser-

ed consideration, your Excellency's obedicut servant,

A. DUDLEY MANN." The following is a translation of the letter to the President of the Confederacy: The following is a translation of the letter to the President of the Confederacy:

"ILLUSTRIOUS AND HONARABLE SIR:—Health! We have received with all fitting kindness the gentleman sent by your Excellency to deliver us your letters hearing date the 2kl of September last. We certainly experienced no small pleasure when we learned from the same gentleman and the letters of your Excellency with what emotions of joy and gratitude toward us you were affected, illustrions and honorable Sir, when you were first made acquainted with our letters to those reverened brethren, John, Archbishop of New York, and John, Archbishop of New Orleans, written on the 18th of October of last year, in which we again and again urged and exhorted the same reverend brethren that, as behooved their distinguished piety and their Episcopal charge, they should most zealously use every effort, in our name also, to bring to an end the fatal civil war that had arisen in those regions, and that those people of America might at length attain mutual peace and concord, and be united in mn and charity. And very grateful was it to us, illustrious and honorable Sir, to perceive that you and those people were animated with the same feelings of peace and tranquility which we so carnestly inculcated in the letters mentioned as having been addressed to the aforesaid reverend brethren. And would that other people, also, of those regious, and their rulers, seriously considering how grievous and mournful a thing is intestine war, would be pleased with tranquil minds to embrace and enter upon comsels of peace. We, indeed, shall not cease with most fervent prayers to besech and pray God, the om "ILLUSTRIOUS AND HONARABLE SIR :- Health!

A Coin Embedded in A Rock.—People have heard and read of toads having been found embedded in rock, but now comes another curiosity to be added to the list. Mr. John Adriance, of this city, has a Mexican coin dated 1710, which was taken from the centre of a piece of rock found in the bottom of the Rio Grande. The gentleman who sent the coin to this city, with the particulars in connection with its discovery, lives at Laredo, and not having a specimen of the rock in which the coin was found embedded, has been asked by gentlemen connected with the Historical Society, who are interested in the matter, to do so, in order that theories as to the time the coin found its way to tae bed of the river may be deduced. The finder of the coin writes that the rock is very hard and almost transparent.—Galceston News.

Last Saturday morning one of the officials at the Capitol in Richmond saw a middle-aged, bronzed Irishman, with a bag on his shoulder, walking through the square toward Stonewall Jackson's statue. Arrived before it, he threw his bag aside, wiped his face, and kuelt, and was soon evidently deep in prayer. When he arose and was questioned as to his proceeding, he said: "He was my old giveral, and I thought as I was passing I would stop and offer a prayer for him."

THE St. Lawrence is the only river in the world which enjoys the symmetry of having its head larger than its mouth.

THE laudlerd of a house in Salem, Mass. two hundred and sixteen years ago, has at a concluded to repair it.